

MYSTERY ROMANCES

ELLERY QUEEN

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NO. 4

COMICS

HMMM... THIS IS A FINE PLACE
FOR A FELLOW TO HAVE A NICE
QUIET CHAT WITH A GIRL! BETTER
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, LITTLE
ONE, I THINK WE'RE IN FOR A FEW
EXCITING MINUTES!

I... I CAN'T, DARLING!
TAKE ME AWAY FROM
THIS DREADFUL PLACE,
ELLERY... SHE FRIGHTENS
ME SO...

CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE
NOT WANTED HERE!
HOW DARE YOU MAKE
LOVE IN THE SHADOW
OF DEATH?

A ROMANTIC WEEK END
WAS DRAWING TO A CLOSE,
BUT HIGH ADVENTURE WAS
JUST AROUND THE CORNER OF...
"THE CROOKED MILE!"

* * *
COMPLETE STORY
INSIDE

A Genuine JEWELLED WESTERN BELT

The most popular Boy's Belt in all America!



Hey Fellas!

EVERYBODY IS
WEARIN' 'EM

Your
Choice
of BROWN
or BLACK

Only \$1.98

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YOUR NAME
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TOP GRAIN
SADDLE LEATHER
METAL BUCKLE & TRIM
Jewel and Stud Design on Sides

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☐ Send Belt without name @ \$1.98. Ship to me C.O.D.

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TOWN: _____ ZONE: _____ STATE: _____

THE CASE OF The SEVENTH Raven

HAVING A WONDERFUL CRIME MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ON THE CARDS ELLERY SENT HIS FRIENDS FROM THE COUNTRY... IF HE EVER HAD TIME BETWEEN MURDERS TO SEND ANY CARDS! THIS YARN WOULD SEEM TO PROVE THAT INTRIGUE WILL FOLLOW ELLERY QUEEN WHEREVER HE GOES... EVEN ALONG THE GRISLY TRAIL LEADING TO THE CLUE OF THE SEVENTH RAVEN...



VACATION TIME! AFTER A LONG DAY OF DRIVING, THREE WEARY TRAVELERS ENTER A PEACEFUL, SLEEPY, LITTLE VILLAGE...

CLIFFSIDE, FOLKS. MIGHT AS WELL STOP HERE OVERNIGHT...

IT'S WELL NAMED! THE WHOLE TOWN SEEMS BUILT ON HILLS...

MY LEGS HAVE BEEN ASLEEP FOR THE PAST FIFTY MILES!

HOW QUAIN! AND LOOK WHAT THE SIGN SAYS.

IF IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR GRANGE, I WON'T ARGUE... I'M HALF DEAD...

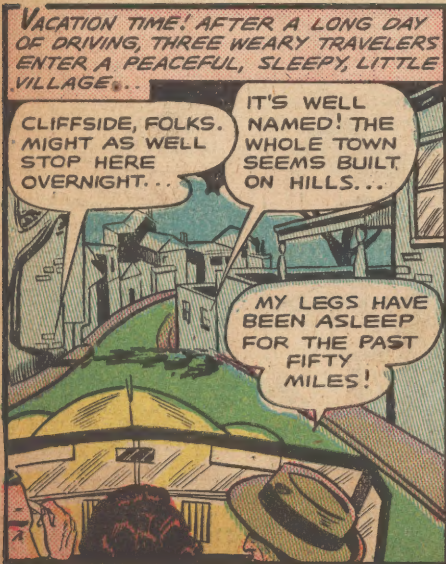
CLIFFSIDE
GEN. GRANGE
SLEPT HERE

AND INSIDE...

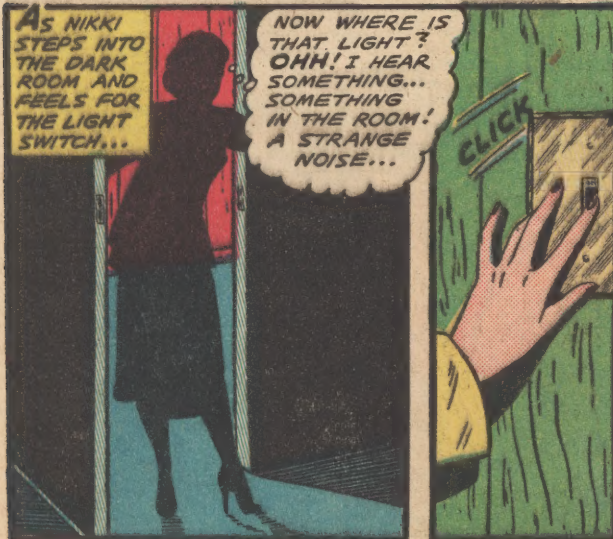
THANKS, BUT I'D

ELLERY QUEEN! SAY, I'VE HEARD OF YOU, SIR. THE HOTEL IS HONORED...

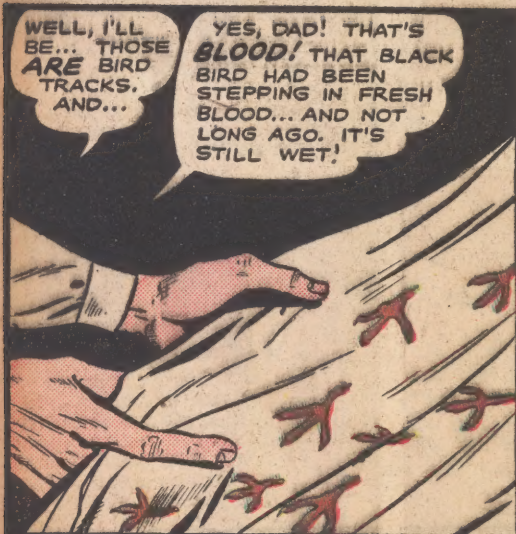
CONSIDER IT A FAVOR IF YOU'D KEEP THAT TO YOURSELVES. WE'RE TRYING TO VACATION.



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

AFTER PROCURING A FLASHLIGHT, ELLERY AND THE INSPECTOR FOLLOW THE TERRORIZED MAID THROUGH DIM PASSAGES TOWARD THE REAR OF THE HOTEL...

WHO IS MR. THROCKMORTON? AND HOW DID YOU DISCOVER THAT HE WAS DEAD?

AND STOP YOUR DITHERING, GIRL! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

LEONA, SIR! I HEARD MRS. THROCKMORTON SCREAM AND CAME RUNNING OUT HERE. SHE WAS STARING DOWN AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF... AND MR. THROCKMORTON WAS DOWN THERE. H-HE'S DEAD!

A MOMENT LATER, THEY STEP ONTO A WIDE VERANDA RUNNING THE WIDTH OF THE PORCH...

LOOK AT THIS, ELLERY! THIS PLACE IS BUILT RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!

YES! I WOULDN'T CARE TO WALK THAT PATH IN THE DARK! THAT MUST BE MRS. THROCKMORTON OVER THERE.

YES, I'M MRS. THROCKMORTON. I... I HEARD MY HUSBAND CRY OUT AND CAME RUNNING OUT HERE... HE... HE'S DOWN THERE NOW!

ELLERY SENDS THE BEAM OF HIS FLASHLIGHT DOWN THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF...

DON'T LOOK ANY LONGER, MRS. THROCKMORTON... YOUR HUSBAND IS BEYOND HELP...

LATER, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF...

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT... GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO IDENTIFY HIM. SO BATTERED...

STRANGE... A LACK OF BLOOD ON THE ROCKS...

THIS COULD BE MURDER! LOOKS LIKE HE BLEED SOMEWHERE ELSE AND WAS THROWN DOWN HERE. AND THERE'S THE BLACK BIRD WITH THE BLOODY FEET!

AND A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL...

IT COULD BE AN ACCIDENT, BUT MY SON DOESN'T THINK SO. ANYWAY, NO ONE LEAVES UNTIL THE LOCAL POLICE GET HERE.

I CALLED THEM, DAD. THEY SHOULD BE ARRIVING ANY MOMENT!

NOT AN ACCIDENT? I D... DON'T UNDERSTAND!

IF YOU THINK IT'S MURDER, MR. QUEEN, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE! MY NAME IS TOM BRIDGES... AND THE MAID, LEONA, WAS WITH ME WHEN WE HEARD MRS. THROCKMORTON SCREAM. SHE'LL CONFIRM THAT!

YES! THAT'S T-TRUE, SIR!

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

LATER, UPSTAIRS IN ELLERY'S ROOM...

NOW DON'T GO OFF THE BEAM, SON. JUST BECAUSE THE LOCAL POLICE ASKED YOU TO HELP THEM, IT **COULD** HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT, AFTER ALL.

UGH... THAT HORRID BIRD.

YES, IT COULD HAVE, BUT ONE THING BOTHERS ME... THAT BLACK BIRD. WHERE IS IT NOW? AND HOW DID IT GET THE BLOOD ON ITS FEET? CERTAINLY NOT FROM THOSE ROCKS WHERE WE FOUND THE BODY!

HUH! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT D'YA WANT?

I'M GILES, SIR. THE JANITOR. THE CHIEF SENT ME TO ASK YOU IF YOU WANTED TO START QUESTIONING PEOPLE NOW?

HMM... GOOD THING WE DON'T JUDGE PEOPLE BY THEIR LOOKS. THAT FELLOW WOULD BE IN JAIL RIGHT NOW!

SO THE QUESTIONING BEGINS...

WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR HUSBAND THIS EVENING, MRS. THROCKMORTON? AND WAS HE IN THE HABIT OF STROLLING ON THAT DANGEROUS CLIFF? SUCH AN ELDERLY MAN.

YES, MY HUSBAND WAS MUCH OLDER THAN MYSELF! BUT I LOVED HIM. AND HE OFTEN WALKED ALONE ON THE PATH... IT WAS HIS HABIT... AFTER HE FINISHED HIS WORK IN THE AVIARY!

T...THE WHAT?

AN AVIARY, DAD! EVIDENTLY MR. THROCKMORTON WAS A BIRD LOVER.

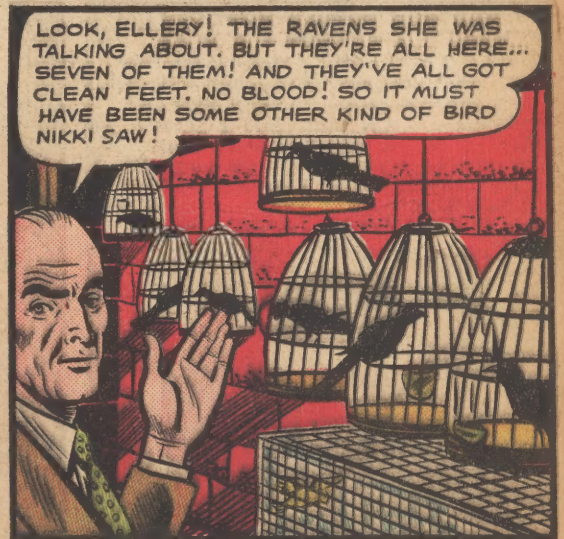
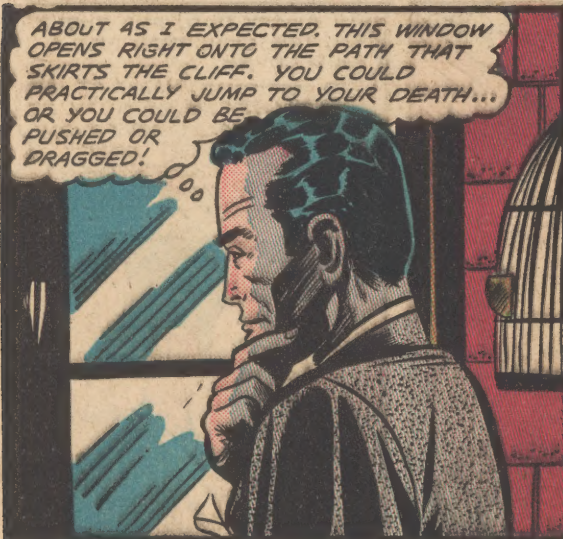
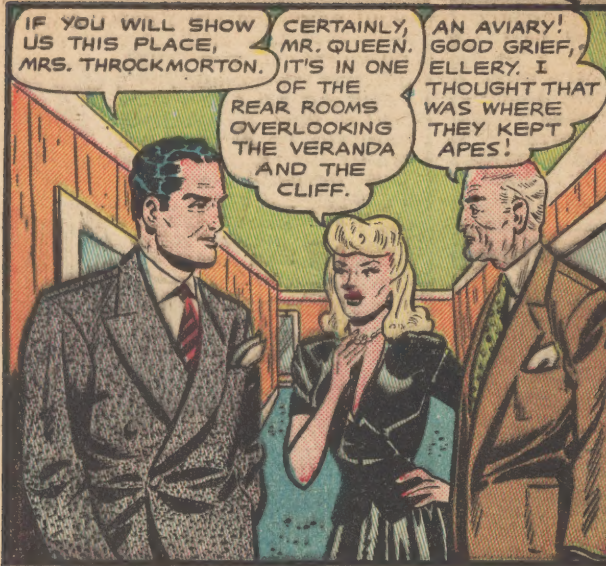
HAH! AT LAST WE'RE GETTING TO IT. MAYBE NOW I CAN FIND OUT WHERE THAT BLACK BIRD CAME FROM. AND MORE IMPORTANT, WHERE IT WENT.

AND ABOUT THIS AVIARY, MRS. THROCKMORTON. DID YOUR HUSBAND BY ANY CHANCE HAVE ANY BLACK BIRDS? A CROW PERHAPS?

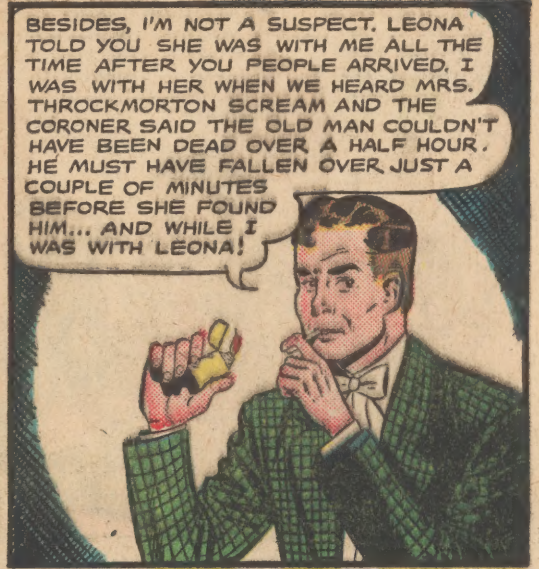
CROWS? COMMON CROWS? OH, NO. BUT HE DID HAVE A GREAT MANY BLACK BIRDS... SEVEN OF THEM, IN FACT.

MY HUSBAND LOVED RARE BIRDS! HE SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY ON THEM. AND ONLY LAST WEEK HE RECEIVED A SHIPMENT OF BIRDS FROM BOLIVIA... RAVENS! SEVEN RAVENS OF A VERY RARE SPECIES. HE WAS DOWN IN THE AVIARY TONIGHT! JUST BEFORE... BEFORE IT HAPPENED!

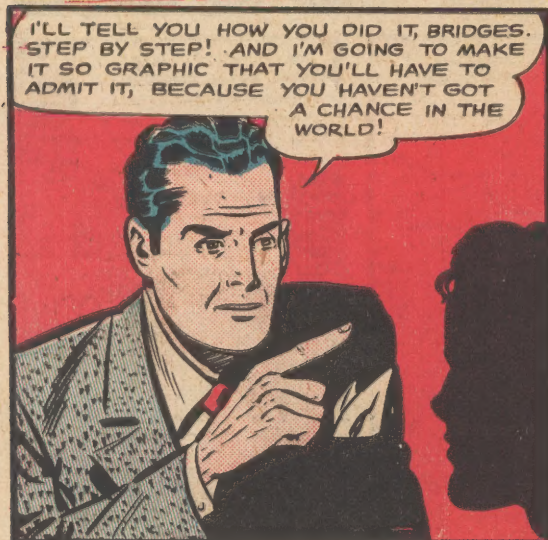
ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



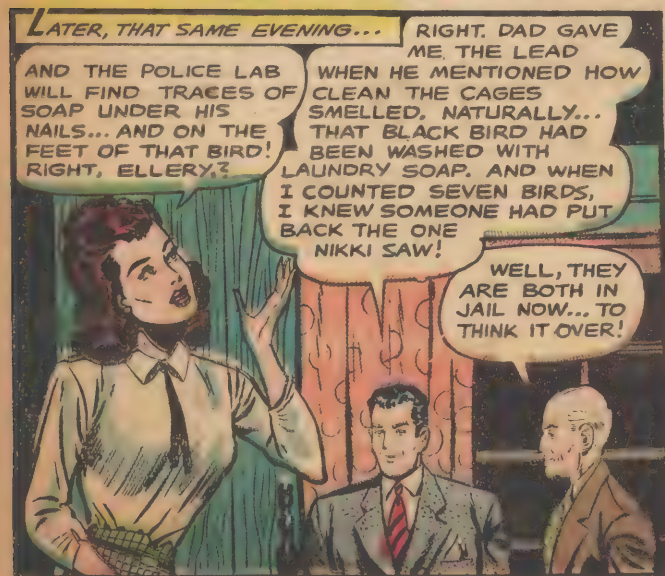
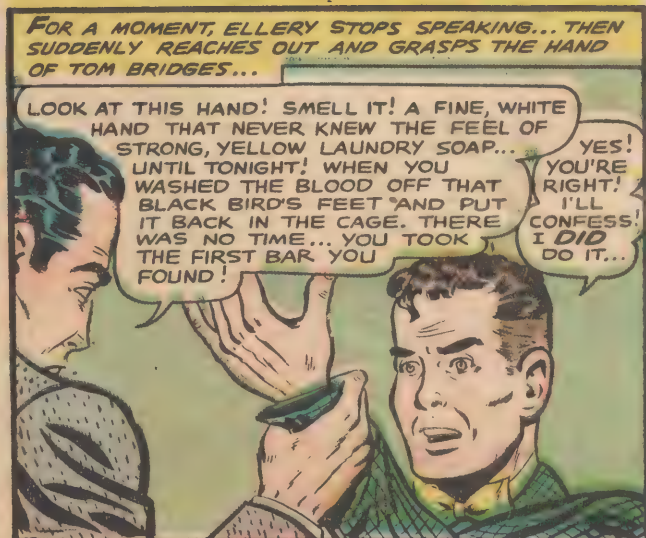
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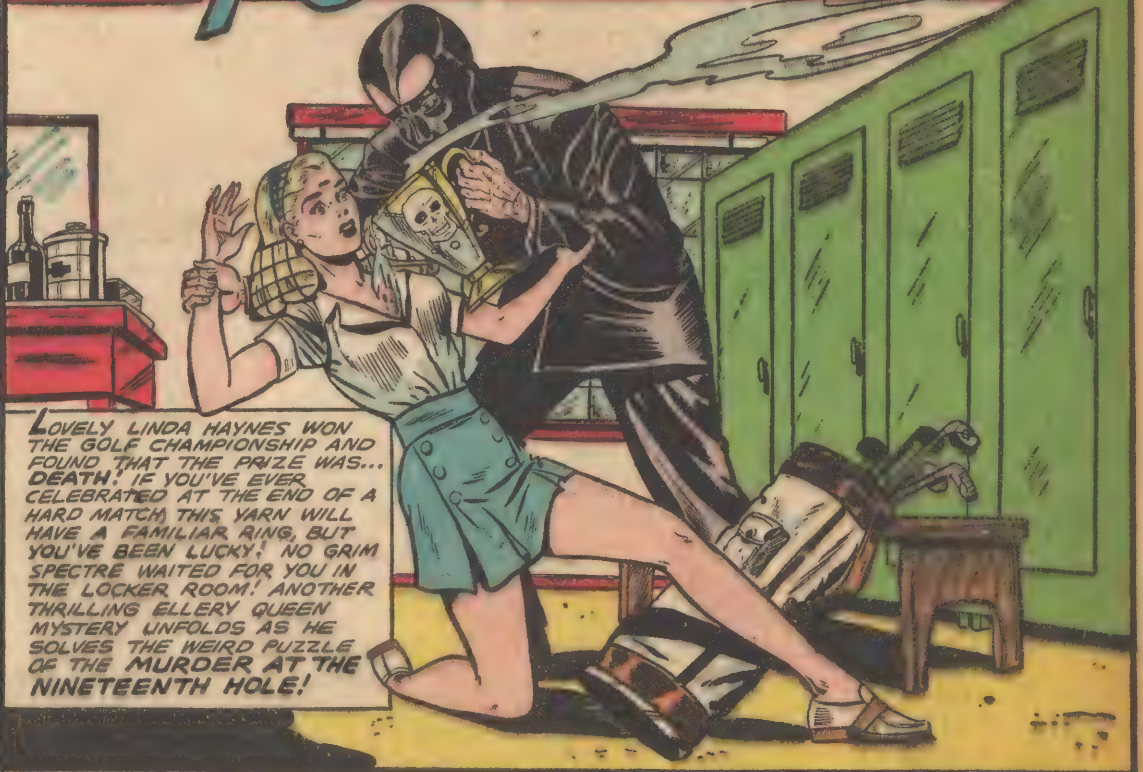
ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



TOO LUCKY TO LIVE!



LOVELY LINDA HAYNES WON THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AND FOUND THAT THE PRIZE WAS... DEATH! IF YOU'VE EVER CELEBRATED AT THE END OF A HARD MATCH THIS YARN WILL HAVE A FAMILIAR RING, BUT YOU'VE BEEN LUCKY! NO GRIM SPECTRE WAITED FOR YOU IN THE LOCKER ROOM! ANOTHER THRILLING ELLERY QUEEN MYSTERY UNFOLDS AS HE SOLVES THE WEIRD PUZZLE OF THE MURDER AT THE NINETEENTH HOLE!

NIKKI PORTER IS TO PLAY IN AN AMATEUR GOLF TOURNAMENT, AND IN A WEAK MOMENT, ELLERY PROMISED TO ACCOMPANY HER...

OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE TIME TO GET UP YET!



BUT... UMM... YAWN... WHAT A CHUMP I WAS TO PROMISE NIKKI I'D GO WITH HER TODAY! CAN'T GET MY EYES OPEN! BUT I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT NOW, OR SHE'LL NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN. ME AND MY PROMISES!



AND SOON AFTERWARD...

GOSH... YAWN... WHY DO THEY START THESE THINGS SO EARLY? EVEN THE BIRDS AREN'T UP YET!

DON'T BE SUCH A LAZYBONES, ELLERY! WAKE UP! I WANT YOU TO BRING ME LUCK TODAY IN THE TOURNEY!



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



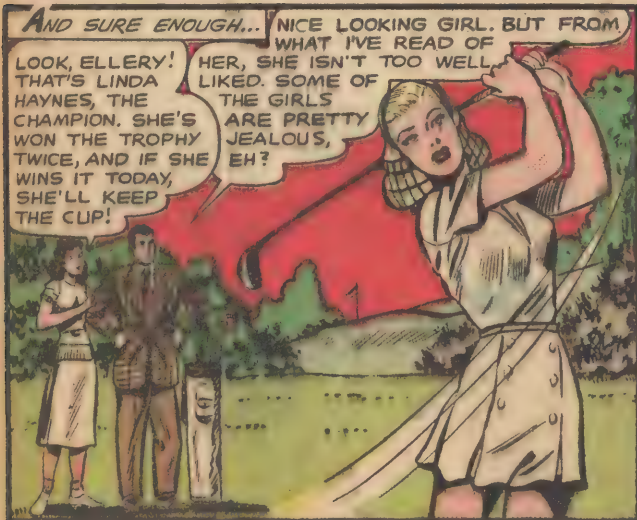
HEY, MISTER, YOU AIN'T GONNA PASS A PICKET LINE, ARE YA? WE'RE ON STRIKE... ALL THE CADDIES!

A CADDY STRIKE! BUT WHO WILL CADDY FOR ME... CAN'T CARRY THIS HEAVY OLD BAG FOR EIGHTEEN HOLES!

HMM... UNION CADDIES! WHAT NEXT?



DON'T LOOK NOW, ELLERY, M'BOY, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE GOING TO DO A LITTLE WALKING TODAY!



AND SURE ENOUGH...

NICE LOOKING GIRL. BUT FROM WHAT I'VE READ OF HER, SHE ISN'T TOO WELL LIKED. SOME OF THE GIRLS ARE PRETTY JEALOUS, EH?

LOOK, ELLERY! THAT'S LINDA HAYNES, THE CHAMPION. SHE'S WON THE TROPHY TWICE, AND IF SHE WINS IT TODAY, SHE'LL KEEP THE CUP!



AND THERE'S VIVIAN MARSHALL. NEXT TO LINDA, SHE'S THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY. THEY HATE ONE ANOTHER LIKE POISON! LINDA ALWAYS JUST BEATS HER OUT...



OHH... I'M SO NERVOUS! HOPE I DON'T MAKE A PERFECT IDIOT OF MYSELF IN FRONT OF ELLERY. HE HARDLY KNOWS I'M ALIVE ANYWAY!

REMEMBER YOU'RE A CADDY, ELLERY DEAR. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL!

MUST I? WITH SO MANY OTHER ATTRACTIONS ABOUT!



OHH... DARN IT! I DUBBED IT. AND ELLERY IS LAUGHING.

DON'T WORRY, M'DEAR! I'VE GOT MY EYE ON THE BALL. I KNOW RIGHT WHERE IT IS



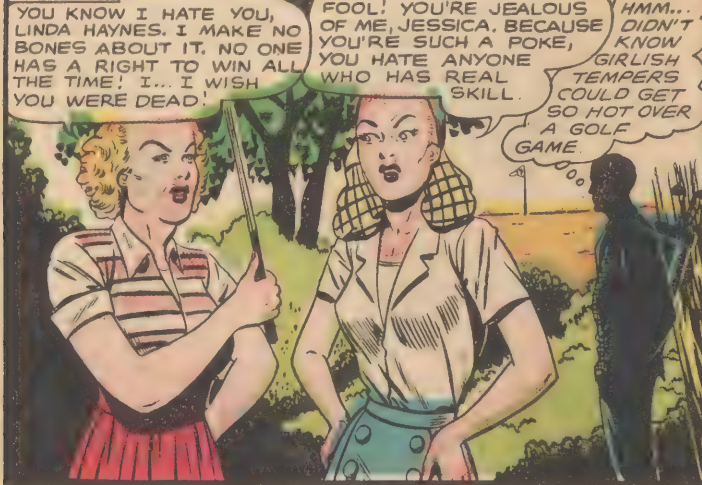
BUT AFTER THE NEXT SHOT...

ELLERY QUEEN! YOU'RE SOME CADDY, I MUST SAY. LOSE MY BALL ON THE SECOND SHOT!

SORRY, NIKKI! GUESS I'M NOT QUITE AWAKE YET

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

BUT ELLERY IS QUITE AWAKE BY THE TIME THE FIFTEENTH HOLE IS REACHED, AND WITNESSES A SIGNIFICANT LITTLE SCENE...



YOU KNOW I HATE YOU, LINDA HAYNES. I MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT. NO ONE HAS A RIGHT TO WIN ALL THE TIME! I... I WISH YOU WERE DEAD!

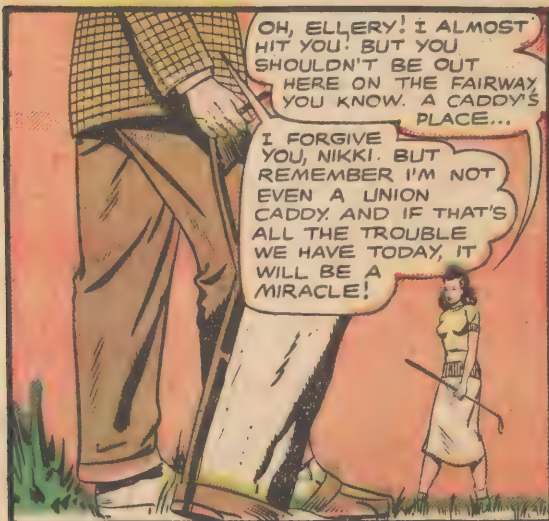
FOOL! YOU'RE JEALOUS OF ME, JESSICA. BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A POKE, YOU HATE ANYONE WHO HAS REAL SKILL.

HMM... DIDN'T KNOW GIRLISH TEMPER COULD GET SO HOT OVER A GOLF GAME.



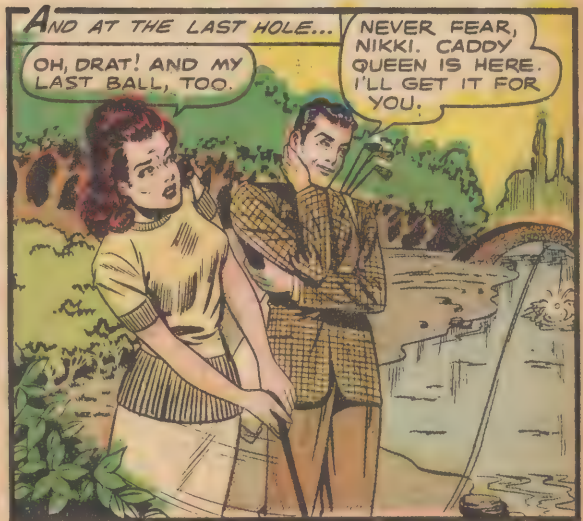
FORE! LOOK OUT, ELLERY!

NOW SHE TELLS ME!



OH, ELLERY! I ALMOST HIT YOU! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE OUT HERE ON THE FAIRWAY YOU KNOW. A CADDY'S PLACE...

I FORGIVE YOU, NIKKI. BUT REMEMBER I'M NOT EVEN A UNION CADDY. AND IF THAT'S ALL THE TROUBLE WE HAVE TODAY, IT WILL BE A MIRACLE!



AND AT THE LAST HOLE...

OH, DRAT! AND MY LAST BALL, TOO.

NEVER FEAR, NIKKI. CADDY QUEEN IS HERE. I'LL GET IT FOR YOU.



OUGHT TO BE RIGHT ABOUT HERE. WON'T BE ANY TRICK AT ALL TO GET IT, IF I CAN JUST...

CAREFUL, ELLERY...



DRAT! I'M F-FALLING. GOING TO GET WET!



BAH... ONLY A STONE AFTER ALL. UNDER WATER IT LOOKED LIKE A GOLF BALL!

BETTER HURRY TO THE CLUBHOUSE, ELLERY DEAR. AND CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES. YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD!

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

MEANTIME LINDA HAYNES HAS ONCE AGAIN WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP... AND AS A TOKEN OF YOUR FINE PLAY AND TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP, MISS HAYNES, YOU ARE AWARDED PERMANENT POSSESSION OF THIS TROPHY.

SPORTSMANSHIP! HUH! SHE'S JUST GOT ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD.

THANK YOU.

IF LOOKS WERE DAGGERS, THAT POOR GIRL WOULD HAVE A BACK FULL OF CUTLERY! AND I'VE STILL GOT THAT NAGGING FEELING THAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE BEFORE THIS IS OVER.

BUT IN THE LOCKER ROOM, TRADITIONALLY KNOWN AS THE NINETEENTH HOLE...

WE OUGHT TO HAVE A CELEBRATION.

SURE... LET'S ORDER CHAMPAGNE FOR LINDA. SHE CAN DRINK IT OUT OF HER TROPHY CUP.

OH, GIRLS! NO! THAT ISN'T NECESSARY.

COME ON, LINDA. BE A SPORT! AND FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I SAID OUT THERE. I DIDN'T MEAN IT.

WELL, ALL RIGHT. IF YOU INSIST, IT'S SO NICE OF ALL OF YOU.

AND VIVIAN MARSHALL, WHO ONCE AGAIN HAS FINISHED SECOND TO LINDA, GOES AFTER THE VICTORY CHAMPAGNE...

I TOLD THEM OVER THE PHONE TO BRING THE WINE OVER IMMEDIATELY. SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW. AND I'VE GOT TO GET CONTROL OF MYSELF... NOT SHOW HOW MUCH I HATE LINDA HAYNES.

HERE IS THE WINE YOU ORDERED, MY DEAR. I WISH YOU HAD BETTER LUCK... YOU DESERVED TO WIN!

THANKS, POP! YOU'RE AN OLD DEAR! BUT I GUESS I WAS BORN TO BE A RUNNER-UP!

THEN VIVIAN MARSHALL DOES SOMETHING WHICH WOULD HAVE SHOCKED THE OTHER GIRLS. . .

BE SEEING YOU, POP!

BLESS YOU, GIRL!

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

AND BACK IN THE LOCKER ROOM...

THIS IS SO NICE OF YOU! I DIDN'T EXPECT CHAMPAGNE!

I'LL FILL IT UP, LINDA. DRINK HEARTY... AND THE BEST OF LUCK.

I HOPE SHE CHOKES!

UMMM... SO GOOD. THEY ARE A SWEET BUNCH AFTER ALL...

SUDDENLY...

OHH... MY THROAT! BURNING UP! I... I'M SICK. D-DYING...

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BUT WHAT COULD BE WRONG WITH THAT CHAMPAGNE? C-COULD IT HAVE BEEN POISONED?

SO ELLERY'S FEARS ARE SUBSTANTIATED AND HE IS CALLED TO CONFER WITH LOCAL POLICE...

LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE TO ME. THIS VIVIAN MARSHALL WENT AFTER THE WINE. SHE HATED LINDA HAYNES, WHO ALWAYS BEAT HER OUT. THERE'S YOUR MOTIVE!

I DON'T KNOW! A PRETTY SLIM MOTIVE FOR MURDER, WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. QUEEN?

I THINK I'D LIKE TO SEE THE CLUB MANAGER AND THE WINE LIST! WE AREN'T SURE THAT BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE CAME FROM THE CLUB'S CELLAR. IN FACT, I'M SURE IT DIDN'T.

AND WHILE THE MANAGER OF THE CLUB IS BEING SUMMONED...

THAT QUARREL I OVERHEARD MIGHT ENTER INTO THIS. I UNDERSTAND THE FAT GIRL POURED THE WINE. THE BIG QUESTION IS... WAS THE POISON IN THE SEALED BOTTLE, OR WAS IT ADDED TO THE CUP JUST BEFORE THE GIRL DRANK?

AND LATER...

I ASSURE YOU, MR. QUEEN, THAT THE CHAMPAGNE DID NOT COME FROM OUR CELLARS. AS MANAGER I KNOW EXACTLY HOW MUCH WE HAVE ON HAND! AND EVERY BOTTLE IS ACCOUNTED FOR.

I THOUGHT AS MUCH. THE BOTTLE WAS PURCHASED ELSEWHERE, THE POISON PUT INTO THE BOTTLE BY SOMEONE WHO KNEW IT WAS THE CUSTOM TO DRINK CHAMPAGNE AT THE "NINETEENTH HOLE."

HERE'S THE OLD FELLOW THAT BROUGHT THE CHAMPAGNE TO THE CLUBHOUSE, SIR. HE ADMITS IT.

AND A MERCHANT IN THE VILLAGE NEAR HERE SAYS SOMEONE PURCHASED A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE FROM HIM ONLY YESTERDAY.

PLEASE, SIRS. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS TERRIBLE THING!

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

AND VERY SHORTLY...

WON'T HURT TO GO INTO THE VILLAGE AND CHECK UP, MR. QUEEN. AND SEE IF THIS FELLOW BROUGHT THAT WINE...

YES, I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO. BUT I DON'T EXPECT MUCH. IT'S TOO EASY.

I TELL YOU, I DIDN'T DO IT.

I'LL BET A BUTTON THAT THE OWNER IDENTIFIES THIS MAN AS THE ONE WHO BOUGHT THE CHAMPAGNE. BUT WHY WOULD HE WANT TO KILL THAT GIRL?

A VERY GOOD QUESTION. AND I DON'T SHARE YOUR HIGH HOPES EITHER.

AS USUAL, ELLERY IS RIGHT.

NO! THAT ISN'T THE MAN WHO PURCHASED THE CHAMPAGNE. IT WAS A YOUNG MAN. WE SELL SO LITTLE OF THE STUFF THAT I TOOK PARTICULAR NOTICE. I NEVER SAW THE YOUNG MAN, BEFORE AROUND HERE.

WELL... AND I WOULD HAVE SWORN...

YOU SEE, SIRS. I TOLD YOU I WAS INNOCENT.

AFTER THE POLICE TAKE THE OLD WINE STEWARD BACK TO THE COUNTRY CLUB, ELLERY PHONES NIKKI AND HAS HER MAKE SOME MYSTERIOUS PURCHASES FOR HIM...

HI, NIKKI. DID YOU GET ALL THE STUFF I ASKED FOR?

YES, MASTER! BUT WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT?

OF ALL THE THINGS TO SEND A GIRL AFTER. AUTOMOBILE SPRINGS AND STOUT BROWN CORD... I FELT LIKE A SCAVENGER HUNTER!

ONLY A WILD SCHEME! I HOPE IT WORKS. THIS THING HAS GOT SOME QUEER ANGLES, AND IT'LL TAKE A GOOD BLUFF TO MAKE THE KILLER SHOW HIMSELF!

GOOD! JUST WHAT I WANTED! YOU'RE A REAL TREASURE, NIKKI...

I'LL REMEMBER THAT THE NEXT TIME I WANT A DATE, CHUM!

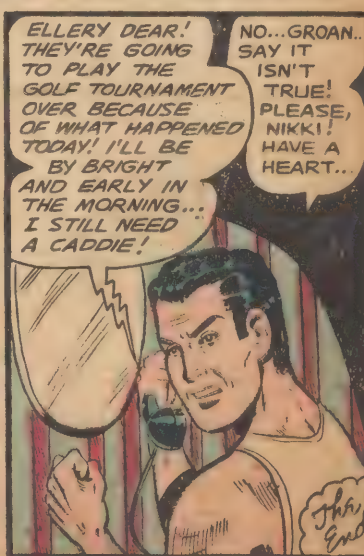
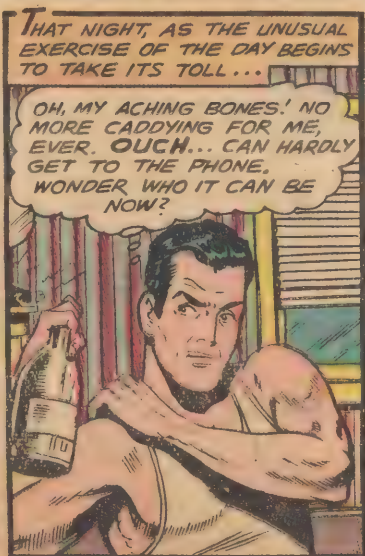
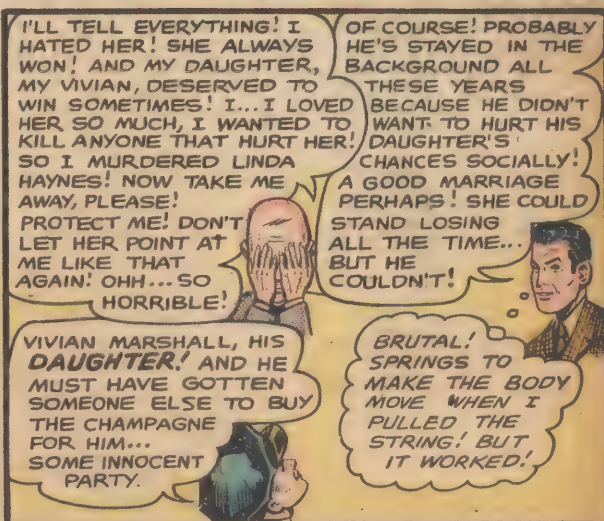
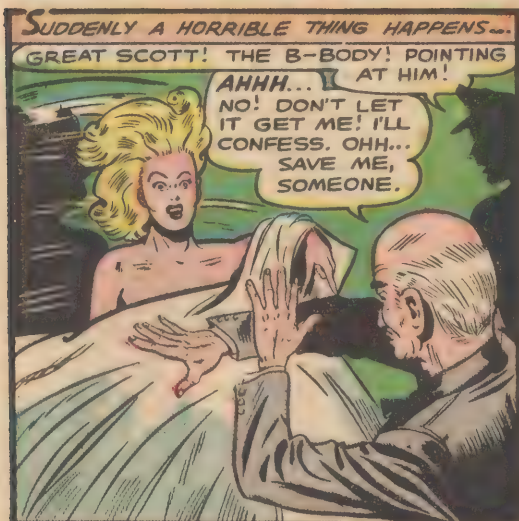
ELLERY MAKES ALL PREPARATIONS FOR HIS "TRAP" AND EVERYONE IS ASSEMBLED...

NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, EVERYONE. I WANT EACH OF YOU, ONE AT A TIME, TO COME INTO THIS ROOM AND LOOK AT THE DEAD GIRL. THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF... IF YOU ARE INNOCENT!

OUTRAGEOUS!

OHH... I C-CAN'T LOOK AT LINDA... NOT NOW!

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



THE REST OF HIS DAYS

By LEE HAMLIN

JOHAN HUNT, tall and gaunt in patched blue jeans, stood outside the room where his wife was dying. He put one powerful, work ravaged hand on the door knob, then let it fall away. He walked to a window at the end of the shabby hallway and stared out through the grimy glass, watching night shove twilight into oblivion. Snow, dancing to wind music, pushed a white face in at him. It was the worst blizzard to hit the region in years.

The bedroom door opened and old Doctor Barcross came out, lumbering down the hall, huge and redfaced, buttoning his sheepskin coat. The younger man turned and in the bitter half light they stared at each other.

The doctor said: "I'm sorry, John. But I might as well tell you the truth—if you don't already know it."

His nod was slow. "I guess I do, Doc. Lucy is dying. Ain't anything you or me can do about it, I reckon. I know you done all you could."

"She'll die easy, boy. I just gave her something to make her sleep. I doubt she'll wake up before the end."

They went down the rickety stairs together, into a kitchen where a stove glared red hot. John Hunt picked up a coffee pot and poured steaming black liquid for the doctor, who sipped it cautiously.

The young man asked, "When do you figure it will be, Doc?"

"Sometime tonight, I think. Anyway, I'm as sure as any mortal can be." The doctor clomped to a window, clumsy in his rubber artics, and looked out. The snow would be sill high in another hour.

John Hunt watched him. The lines in his young-old face looked as though a chisel had worked them into the flesh. He said: "You're real sure, Doc? I got to be sure."

The doctor faced him. "Yes, boy, I'm sure. Why do you suppose I didn't send her to the city, to a hospital? Because it was no use. She knows it, too. And she wants to die here, on the farm, with you. It'll be tonight, boy. Her heart just can't carry the load any longer."

He walked across the kitchen and put a hand on the shoulder of John Hunt.

"It's bad, boy. I know how bad it is. And you here all alone, twenty miles out in the buck-brush and no phone. I wish I could stay and see you through, but I can't. I've got others to take care of—and I'm expecting a baby to come along any time tonight. As it is I'll probably get bogged down in this snow."

They went to the front door together, the doctor still talking.

"There's nothing I can do to help her now, John, and not much I can say to help you. I know you and Lucy had a lot of bad luck after you started farming this place, getting burnt out of the new house and losing everything you had. But you were man enough to take that, boy, and you got to be man enough to take this. But don't be afraid, boy. She'll go easy, the way I promised. In her sleep, more than likely."

"I ain't afraid, Doc."

He waited until the sound of the doctor's car died away. When the storm had wiped away the last sputter of the laboring motor John Hunt walked with a quick, purposeful stride to a corner closet. He put on heavy boots, shrugged into a mackinaw, and tugged a battered hat down over thick black hair. Then he went out the kitchen door into the blizzard.

Wind raved at him as he shoveled away the heavy drifts blocking the doors of the shed. When the doors were clear he got into the old Ford and tramped on the starter. The gears whined helplessly. Cold had turned the oil to black glue and she would not turn over fast enough to start.

He crawled beneath the car and with numbed fingers, raw and wounded against the resisting metal, removed the crankcase plug and drained the gelid oil into a can.

He went back into the house and put the can of oil on the edge of the stove. Then he went upstairs and into the bedroom.

Lucy lay sleeping in the brass bed they'd picked up at auction when their own furniture had burned. Her lips, dry and cracked, were twisted in a curious little half smile. Her hair, as pale yellow as the electric light, spread over the pillow. John Hunt looked down at his wife, watching her smile in her sleep. Her last sleep.

She's remembering, he thought, and hoped it was some of the good they'd had together. There had been little enough of it. Mostly hard work and hard luck. One thing after another going wrong. The new house, into which they had put every dime, burning with a blaze so hot it melted even the steel frame of their wedding picture. Burning while they were twenty miles away, in the village, and leaving them with only the clothes they stood in. Leaving them to start all over again—until the sickness had claimed Lucy.

John Hunt went to a dresser and got a pair of thick Army blankets. Gently he wrapped them about her and carried her downstairs. In the kitchen he paused to adjust the blankets and saw her lips still twisted in the same half smile.

Once more he fought both wind and drifts to reach the shed. He placed Lucy in the back seat of the Ford and fastened her in with old harness straps. Then he went back to the kitchen for the can of oil, thinned now by the heat. He replaced the plug and poured smoking oil into the crankcase. The car started at once, coughing gout of blue smoke into the shed. By the time he had put a set of rusty chains on the rear wheels a fine sweat was beading his body beneath the heavy clothes.

It was fully dark as he twisted the car out of the snow clogged ruts leading from his farm to the pike. The sky was a black mattress, pressing down, losing its stuffing of white snow feathers. His lights were yellow fruits in white rinds. Wind bullied the car, pushing it back and forth, cursing it with shrill malice.

John Hunt drove with a fury equal to that of the storm. Hunched over the wheel, his grease blackened hands like talons, he willed the shuddering old car through the white drift traps. At Ten Mile Bridge, a narrow wooden structure, one of the rear wheels slithered despairingly over the edge. For one breath the car teetered, then he kicked viciously at the gas pedal and wrenched the machine back on the road.

As he drove he talked to the sleeping woman in the back seat, speaking softly, as though he must say the words, yet did not want to waken her.

He whispered: "This thing I'm doing, Lucy. I

got to do it! And I didn't dare leave you back there alone. Most folks will think I'm crazy when they find out about it, but you'll know I ain't. I couldn't even tell the Doc, though, because he'd said I was crazy as a loon. Might even have tried to stop me. And there ain't anybody going to do that, Lucy. I just got to do it. Just got to. . ."

Six miles from the village he passed another car that had skidded off the road and stalled in the ditch. Two men, snow draped spectres in the gloom, waved and called to him. He did not glance in their direction. Around the next bend he halted the car and listened for Lucy's breathing. It fluttered lightly through lips still curved into the same half smile.

Two hours after he started John Hunt drove into the village street. It was dark except for a solitary store front. He drove on past the store and turned left. After a block or so he stopped before a paint scabbed frame house. Over the front door of the house a sign flopped in the wind, its hinges screaming in rusty pain. He left the motor running and opened the rear door of the car, tenderly lifting out the blanket wrapped figure of his wife.

"It's all right," he whispered. "We done it, Lucy."

Holding her tightly, small against his bulk, he approached the door of the house and kicked at it. After repeated kicking there was a stir inside and the front door opened a crack. A short man with gray hair, and wearing a dirty bathrobe, peered out. Amazement put a quaver into his voice.

"John! John Hunt! What you doing here? I heard Lucy was took bad."

He pushed the man and the words roughly aside and strode down a short corridor and into a room littered with glittering equipment. He lowered his wife into the one large chair. Then he turned to confront the other man.

"Reckon you better hurry, Martin. Ain't much time, according to Doc Barcross. You can split yourself later, talking to folks about it, but right now get on with what I tell you to do. And don't ask no questions."

The little man scurried about the room. John Hunt looked down at his wife once more. Her breathing was shallow, but a blush of color was in her cheeks now, and her smile had broadened and come untwisted. He thought—Doc was right. She'll never wake up again. This is the way, she'll die. Like this. Smiling.

He wheeled to watch the photographer setting up a large portrait camera.

"You won't have to tell her to smile," he told the man. "See, Martin. She is smiling. Like maybe she knows I did a crazy thing—and like she understands. She knows I couldn't bear living the rest of my days without even a picture of her."

The Model and the MONSTER

THIS IS A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A MURDER. ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO SPARE FURTHER GRIEF OR SHAME TO THE INNOCENTS CONNECTED WITH THE CRIME. THE VICTIM WAS A BEAUTIFUL, SUCCESSFUL MODEL. IT IS NOT THE CRIME THAT WE WISH TO PORTRAY, BUT THE OPERATIONS OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, THEIR TIRELESS PERSISTENCE, TEAMWORK AND APTNESS AT PIECING TOGETHER A SNARLED MYSTERY... IT IS ALSO AN OPPORTUNITY TO REPEAT THE GRIM WARNING...
"CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"



ALL ROADS DO NOT LEAD TO TRAGEDY, BUT BETTY JONES WAS ON A PATH THAT WAS LEADING HER TO SUDDEN SHOCK AND GRIEF... AND PUT HEADLINES IN PHILADELPHIA'S EVENING PAPERS...

THAT'S BETTY JONES, SISTER OF MARY, THE FAMOUS MODEL.

GOING TO VISIT HER, SISTER, I SUPPOSE.



THE YEAR WAS 1916...

STRANGE... MARY WAS EXPECTING ME... BUT THERE'S NO ANSWER!

WANT ME TO LET YOU IN, MISS? HAVEN'T GOT MY KEYS WITH ME, BUT I CAN GET IN THROUGH THE TRANSOM...



GOOD GRIEF, MISS! S-SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

THIS WAS SATURDAY. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY STRANGULATION, BUT THE VICTIM HAD ALSO BEEN BRUTALLY BATTERED BY AN IRON BEFORE A SILK STOCKING WAS TWISTED ABOUT HER THROAT... A GAS-LIGHT FIXTURE WAS DANGLING FROM THE WALL...

DEAD ABOUT THIRTY-SIX HOURS, I SHOULD SAY.

NO SIGN OF BEING ROBBED, EITHER.

OH... MARY...

WHAT'S A SIZE FIFTEEN SHIRT DOING IN WITH ALL THESE FEMALE DO-DADS, MISS?

I... I DON'T KNOW, MY SISTER WASN'T MARRIED... I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE...

THIS MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING! A TIME-TABLE FOR CHICAGO! WAS SHE PLANNING A TRIP?

NOT TO MY KNOWLEDGE. I DON'T THINK SHE EVEN KNEW ANYBODY FROM CHICAGO.

OH, ALICE!

BETTY! GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MARY?

WE WERE CLOSE FRIENDS... I LIVE UPSTAIRS... BUT WHO COULD DO SUCH A DREADFUL THING? SHE HAD NO ENEMIES...

SHE HAD ONE DEADLY ENEMY, MISS. AND IF YOU'LL HELP US, WE'LL MAKE HIM PAY FOR THIS CRIME...

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS TIME-TABLE, MISS?

NO... BUT WAIT... SHE DID TELL ME RECENTLY ABOUT SOME QUARREL-SOME FRIEND WHO WAS LEAVING SOON FOR CHICAGO... I THINK SHE FEARED HIS JEALOUSY... BUT SHE ONLY MENTIONED HIM THAT ONCE... I NEVER SAW HIM...

ANYTHING UNUSUAL HAPPEN AROUND THIS APARTMENT O'CLOCK THIS MORNING TODAY?

NO... NOT A THING... 'CEPT A CAB DRIVER CAME TO ME ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK THIS MORNING... SAID HE'D BEEN WAITING FOR A FARE TO COME OUT AND PAY HIM. SAID HE WAITED SINCE TWO IN THE MORNING, BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THE MAN WENT IN THE BUILDING...

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

THE WHEELS OF THE LAW BEGAN TO TURN...IT WAS SOON ESTABLISHED THAT MARY JONES WAS ALIVE WHEN THAT TAXI PULLED UP TO HER APARTMENT HOUSE, WITH THE STRANGER WHO CHEATED A CAB DRIVER OUT OF HIS FARE BEFORE ENTERING THE BUILDING...

I SPOKE TO MARY SHORTLY BEFORE TEN O'CLOCK. SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD A VISITOR, BUT WOULD SEE ME LATER FOR A CHAT.



THAT MAKES TWO PHONE CALLS BEFORE TEN! A POLICE MAGISTRATE CALLED HER ABOUT SOME TICKETS FOR A FIGHT HE WAS GETTING HER FATHER AND BROTHER.

LOOKS LIKE SHE MET HER DEATH SHORTLY AFTER THOSE CALLS.



I'M THE HACK DRIVER, ALL RIGHT... HE DID ME OUT OF NINETEEN DOLLARS FARE. I DUNNO IF HE'S THE MURDERER OR NOT, BUT HE GOT IN MY CAB WITH TWO OTHER GIRLS, DROVE THEM TO A CLUB IN GERMANTOWN AND LEFT THEM. HE WAS A STRANGER HERE BECAUSE THEY GAVE THE DIRECTIONS AND HE COULD ONLY DESCRIBE THIS PLACE...DIDN'T KNOW THE STREET OR NUMBER... HE WORE PINCE-NEZ GLASSES!



NO POSSIBLE CLUE WAS OVERLOOKED TO FIND THE UNKNOWN KILLER...

WHY, YES. THIS IS ONE OF OUR SHIRTS. I RECALL WHO BOUGHT IT... A CHAP WEARING PINCE-NEZ GLASSES! BOUGHT A CHEAP SUITCASE, TOO. STUFFED THE SHIRT IN IT AND HURRIED OFF...

THAT'S OUR MAN!



WHERE TO NOW?

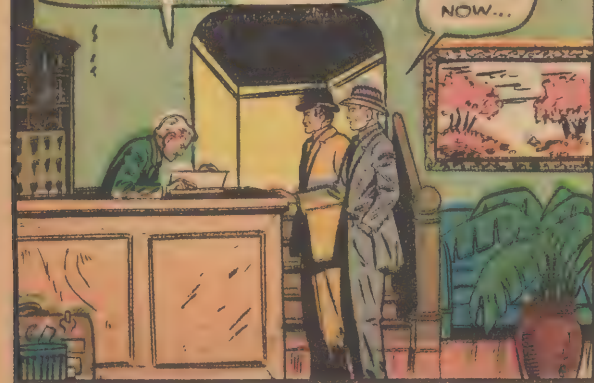
TO EVERY HOTEL WITHIN TEN BLOCKS OF THIS STORE. SOUNDS LIKE HE BOUGHT THAT STUFF JUST TO BE ABLE TO REGISTER IN A HOTEL!



FIVE BLOCKS EAST OF THE HABERDASHERY SHOP...

YES... WE DID HAVE A MAN FROM CHICAGO CHECK IN HERE AT 3:58 P.M. FRIDAY! HE WAS IN 412... CHECKED OUT WEDNESDAY... NAME WAS PETER MONSON...

PETER MONSON, EH? AT LEAST OUR KILLER'S GOT A NAME NOW...



WE'D BETTER GET THIS INFORMATION TO HEADQUARTERS... WE'VE HAD A GOOD DAY...

RIGHT. WE MAY HAVE TO GO TO CHICAGO YET ON THIS CASE...



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

BUT HEADQUARTERS HAD NEWS FOR THE TWO DILIGENT POLICEMEN...

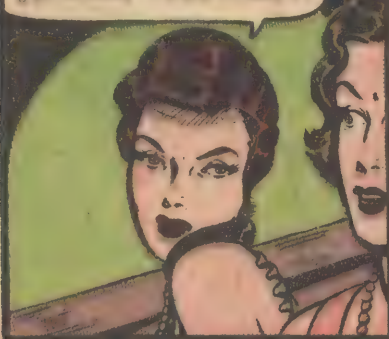
THERE'S BEEN AN ADDITION TO THE JONES' CASE... THE TWO GIRLS WHO RODE IN THAT CAB SHOWED UP. THEY READ ABOUT THE MURDER IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND CAME OVER TO TELL THEIR STORY. THEY'RE INSIDE NOW...



HE WAS A SALESMAN. MY SISTER AND I KNEW HIM AS ROBERT FAYE... HE SAID HE CAME FROM A WEALTHY FAMILY. WEDNESDAY HE TELEPHONED US THAT HE WAS COMING INTO PHILADELPHIA THE NEXT DAY, AND WE MET HIS TRAIN. HE TOOK US TO THE THEATRE AND THEN DANCING... AFTER THAT WE TOOK A CAB HOME... WE WERE THE PASSENGERS YOU WANTED TO KNOW.



I HAD LUNCH WITH HIM ON FRIDAY. HIS LEFT HAND WAS BADLY SCRATCHED, BUT HE TOLD ME HE HAD AN ACCIDENT. SATURDAY HE TOOK US BOTH TO DINNER... SUNDAY HE WAS A GUEST IN OUR HOME... WE EVEN WENT TO CHURCH SERVICES TOGETHER...



THEN MONDAY I HAD TEA WITH HIM AND WE PARTED ABOUT SIX O' CLOCK. IT WAS ON THE WAY HOME. I BOUGHT A NEWSPAPER AND READ ABOUT THE MYSTERY GIRLS WHO RODE IN THAT CAB... I KNEW IT WAS US... SO WE DECIDED TO COME HERE AND TELL YOU WHAT WE KNEW...



ON WEDNESDAY HE CHECKED OUT OF THE HOTEL IN A HURRY, LEAVING HIS SUITCASE AND AN UNPAID BILL! **THAT'S OUR KILLER, ALL RIGHT!** THIS'LL BE FLASHED ON ALL WIRES ACROSS THE COUNTRY!



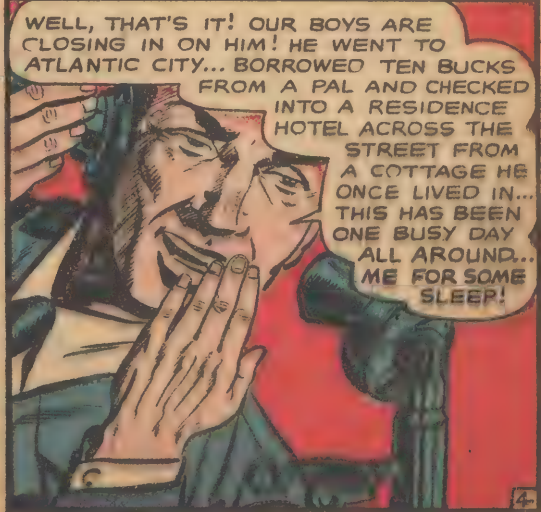
CAPTURE BECAME A MATTER OF TIME... THE CRIMINAL WAS KNOWN... THERE WAS NO ESCAPE... THE DRAGNET OF JUSTICE WAS CLOSING ABOUT HIM... WITH RENEWED FERVOR, THE POLICE CONTINUED THEIR WORK...

WE'VE TRACED A PHONE CALL FAYE MADE FROM THE PENN. RAILROAD FERRY HOUSE. HE TOOK A FERRY FROM CAMDEN...



AND STILL LATER, TIRED MEN KNEW THEIR DUTY WAS DRAWING TO A FINISH...

WELL, THAT'S IT! OUR BOYS ARE CLOSING IN ON HIM! HE WENT TO ATLANTIC CITY... BORROWED TEN BUCKS FROM A PAL AND CHECKED INTO A RESIDENCE HOTEL ACROSS THE STREET FROM A COTTAGE HE ONCE LIVED IN... THIS HAS BEEN ONE BUSY DAY ALL AROUND... ME FOR SOME SLEEP!



THE POLICE WERE RUSHING TO THE RESIDENT HOTEL TO ARREST THE KILLER OF MARY JONES... THERE WAS LITTLE TIME LEFT FOR ROBERT FAYE TO CALL HIMSELF A FREE MAN... BUT IN THAT TIME HE MADE A SINGLE PURCHASE...



IF IT'S A .22 RIFLE YOU WANT, SIR, THIS IS THE BEST IN THE STORE!

I'LL TAKE IT...

...AND THEN HE RETURNED TO HIS NEW ADDRESS...



NICE DAY, MR. FAYE... FOR HUNTING, I MEAN...

YES, A NICE DAY.

LESS THAN AN HOUR FROM THAT MOMENT PASSES...

THIS IS THE PLACE. BE PREPARED TO SHOOT TO KILL... THE TYPE OF CRIMINAL WE'RE GOING TO ENCOUNTER IS VICIOUS! TRAPPED, HE MAY TRY ANYTHING!



I'M SURE YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, OFFICERS! BUT HE'S IN THE CORNER ROOM UPSTAIRS... OH, MY! THIS IS DREADFUL...

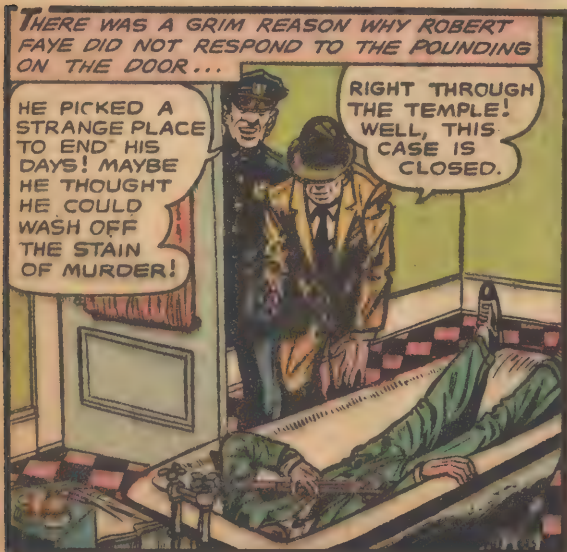
LET'S GO, MEN...

WE'VE GOT HIM AT LAST!



OPEN! IT'S THE LAW, FAYE!

NO ANSWER. HE WANTS TO PLAY GAMES... WE'LL HAVE TO CRASH THROUGH...



THERE WAS A GRIM REASON WHY ROBERT FAYE DID NOT RESPOND TO THE POUNDING ON THE DOOR...

HE PICKED A STRANGE PLACE TO END HIS DAYS! MAYBE HE THOUGHT HE COULD WASH OFF THE STAIN OF MURDER!

RIGHT THROUGH THE TEMPLE! WELL, THIS CASE IS CLOSED.

THIS CRIMINAL CHOSE A BIZARRE EXIT FROM HIS APPOINTMENT WITH JUSTICE. HE WAS A SALESMAN WHO DECLARED HIMSELF INTO A BEAUTY'S LIFE, THOUGH HE WAS COMPLETELY UNKNOWN TO HER FRIENDS OR FAMILY. HER UNRESPONSIVENESS DROVE HIM INTO A FRENZY OF PASSION AND THE RESULT YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED.

POLICE DATA WILL ALWAYS PROVE
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



The End

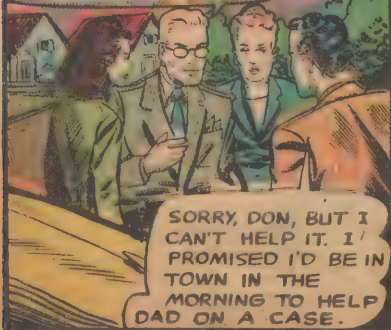
The CROOKED ROAD



IT ALL STARTED AS A LOVELY EVENING, BUT ENDED AS A NIGHTMARE! BEFORE IT WAS OVER, ELLERY QUEEN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT EXPERIENCED A NIGHT OF TERROR SUCH AS FEW HAVE EVER KNOWN...OR LIVED TO TELL ABOUT! YOUR BLOOD WILL FREEZE ALONG WITH THAT OF THE TWO BENIGHTED TRAVELERS AS ELLERY FOLLOWS A BLOODY TRAIL TO A BLOODIER ENDING IN THE TALE OF THE WEREWOLF OF WALPURGIS HOLLOW!

ELLERY AND NIKKI PREPARE TO DRIVE BACK TO THE CITY AFTER A PLEASANT WEEKEND IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

AWFULLY NICE HAVING YOU BOTH. BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER STAY OVER? I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT SKY, ELLERY!



SORRY, DON, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT. I PROMISED I'D BE IN TOWN IN THE MORNING TO HELP DAD ON A CASE.

WELL, YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! BUT THIS IS STRANGE COUNTRY, YOU KNOW. YOU'VE LIKELY HEARD ABOUT OUR WERE-WOLF! HE DISAPPEARS AND RETURNS WITHOUT WARNING. SUPPOSED TO BE ONLY A LEGEND... BUT DON'T... HAH-HAH... SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!



HAH-HAH INDEED! A FINE THING! TELLING US ABOUT WERE-WOLVES WHEN WE'VE GOT TO TRAVEL IN COUNTRY LIKE THIS... AND AT NIGHT IN A STORM. I WISH WE COULD STAY OVER, ELLERY.

RUBBISH! DON WAS ONLY TRYING TO KID YOU, NIKKI. AND WE CAN'T STAY... I TOLD YOU I PROMISED DAD.



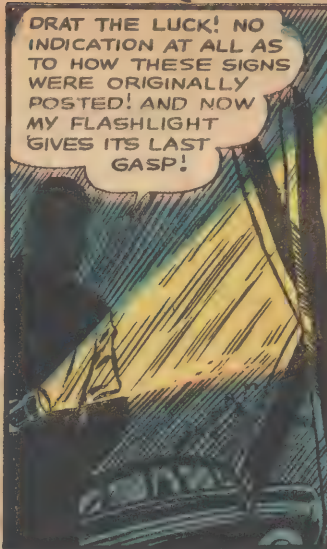
ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

AN HOUR LATER FULL DARKNESS OVERTAKES THE TRAVELERS AND THE FURY OF THE STORM INCREASES...

THE WIND SURE FIXED THAT SIGN! AND WE WANT TO GO TO BUCKNERS TOWN, NOT WALPURGIS HOLLOW. WHATEVER THAT IS!

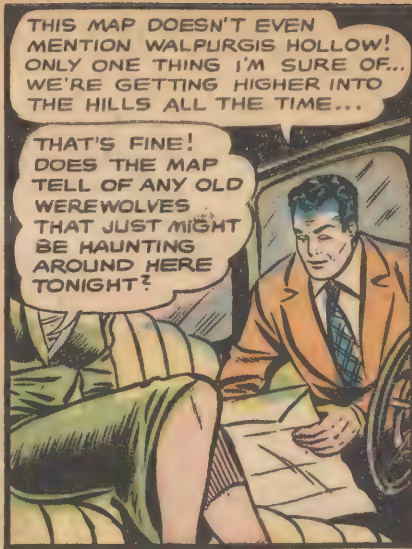


DRAT THE LUCK! NO INDICATION AT ALL AS TO HOW THESE SIGNS WERE ORIGINALLY POSTED! AND NOW MY FLASHLIGHT GIVES ITS LAST GASP!



THIS MAP DOESN'T EVEN MENTION WALPURGIS HOLLOW! ONLY ONE THING I'M SURE OF... WE'RE GETTING HIGHER INTO THE HILLS ALL THE TIME...

THAT'S FINE! DOES THE MAP TELL OF ANY OLD WEREWOLVES THAT JUST MIGHT BE HAUNTING AROUND HERE TONIGHT?



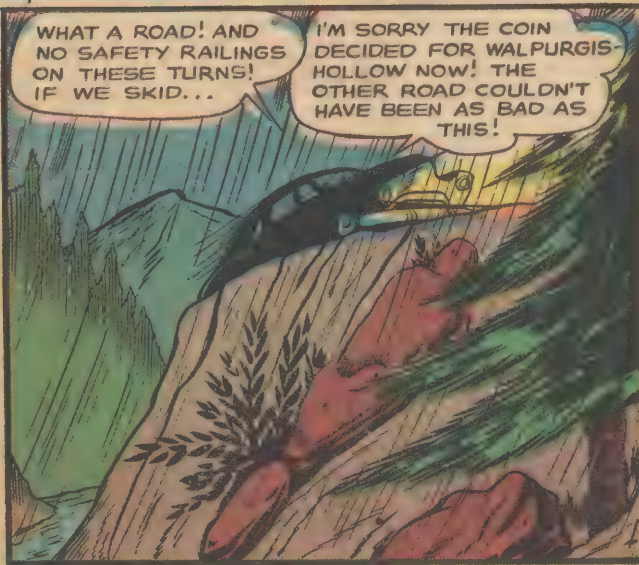
WHEN IN DOUBT, USE THE NIKKI PORTER SYSTEM. HEADS, IT'S BUCKNERS TOWN... TAILS, WE JOURNEY TO WALPURGIS-HOLLOW!

COIN FLIPPING! WELL, IT'S AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER SYSTEM IN A SPOT LIKE THIS!



WHAT A ROAD! AND NO SAFETY RAILINGS ON THESE TURNS! IF WE SKID...

I'M SORRY THE COIN DECIDED FOR WALPURGIS-HOLLOW NOW! THE OTHER ROAD COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AS BAD AS THIS!



ELLERY, PEERING THROUGH THE DRIVING RAIN CLOUDING HIS WINDSHIELD, JAMS ON THE BRAKES JUST IN TIME...

THE ROAD'S CAVING IN! I HOPE I CAN STOP IN TIME.

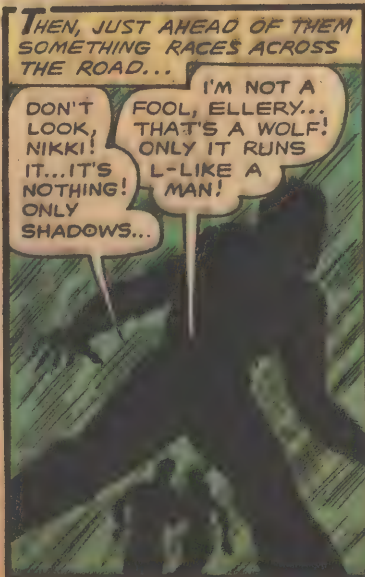
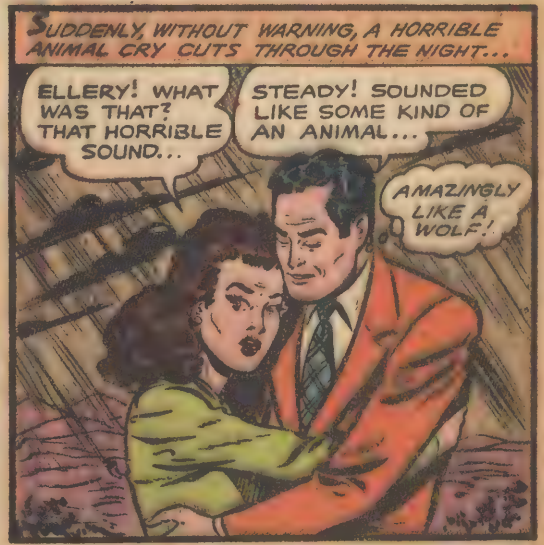
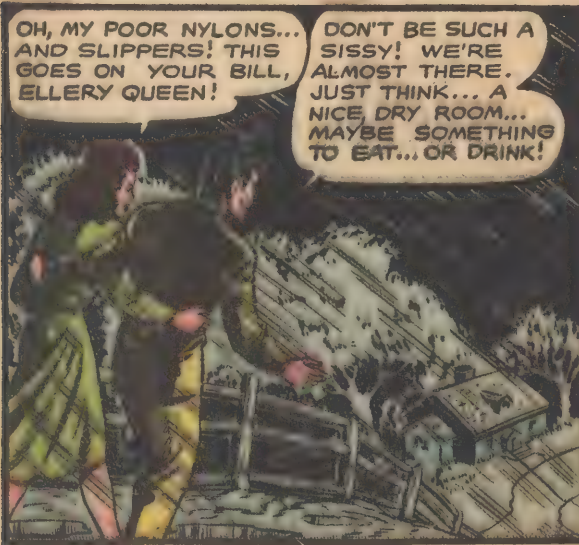


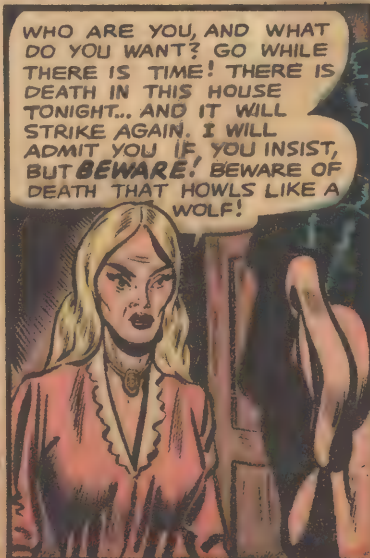
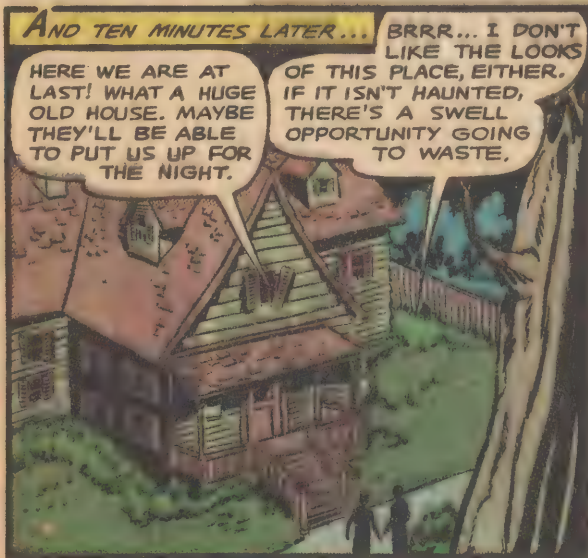
WE'RE SAFE, BUT JUST LOOK AT THAT! TOOK MOST OF THE ROAD RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF! AND WE CAN'T TURN AROUND... TOO NARROW...

I HAD A FEELING ABOUT THIS! BUT YOU WOULDN'T STAY THE NIGHT, OH, NO! WHAT DO WE DO NOW, MR. QUEEN?

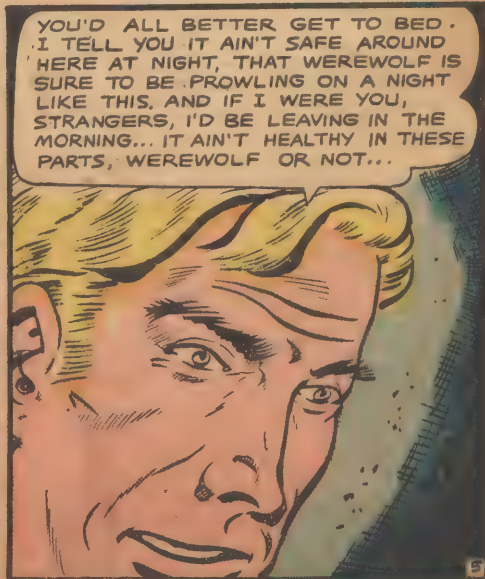
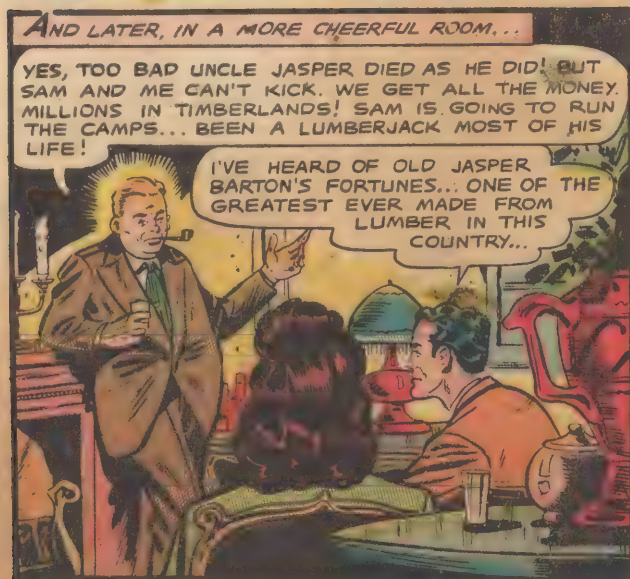
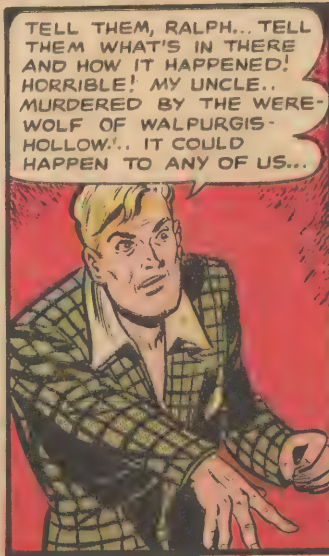
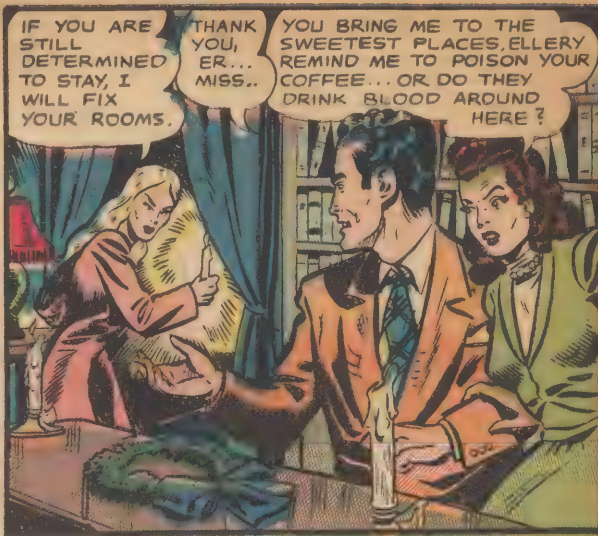
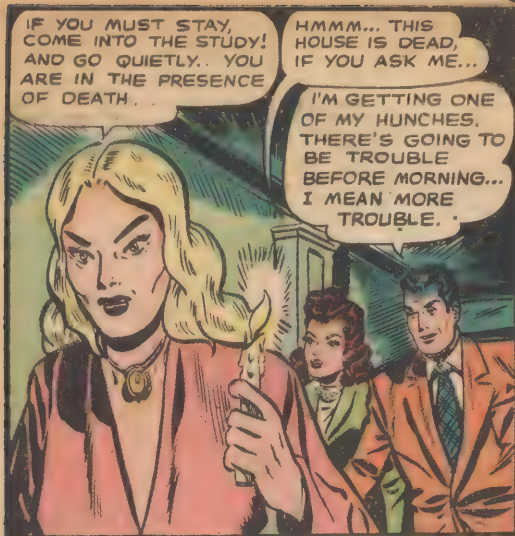


ELLERY QUEEN COMICS





ELLERY QUEEN COMICS



ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

MUCH LATER, WHEN THE OCCUPANTS OF THE STRANGE HOUSE HAVE RETIRED...

NO USE GOING TO BED... I KNOW SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN! AND I'VE JUST GOT HALF A THEORY... THAT THE TRAIL WILL BE COLD NOW AND NO WAY OF PROVING WHAT I SUSPECT! BUT I THINK I'VE STUMBLERD ONTO ANOTHER LITTLE CASE OF MURDER.

WHILE BELOW, A FIGURE MOVES STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE COFFIN IN THE STUDY...

AT LAST! FIRST TIME I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO REALLY EXAMINE THOSE WOUNDS ON UNCLE JASPER'S THROAT! AND IF THEY'RE WHAT I THINK THEY ARE, SOMEONE IS GOING TO SUFFER...

JUST UNFASTEN THESE SCREWS AND... UHHHH-- THAT SHADOW! THE...

AHHHHHHH...

OOO... THOSE HORRIBLE SCREAMS! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE, ELLERY!

COME ALONG, THEN. SOUNDED LIKE THEY CAME FROM THE STUDY. AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA OF WHAT WE'LL FIND!

AND SOON...

UGH... HIS THROAT! TORN TO PIECES!

I TOLD YOU! THE WEREWOLF HAS BEEN IN THIS HOUSE! IT'LL KILL US ALL IF WE AREN'T CAREFUL!

OH... I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!

SUDDENLY WILD LAUGHTER RINGS THROUGH THE GLOOMY OLD HOUSE...

HAH-HAH-HAH... I KNEW IT. I TOLD YOU FOOLS IT WOULD HAPPEN! WE'RE DOOMED! ALL DOOMED! IT WILL NEVER LET ANY OF US LEAVE THIS HOUSE ALIVE! IT'S WATCHING US NOW... HAH-HAH-HAH!

LET'S OMIT THE HYSTERICIS, PLEASE! I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER TO THIS THING! I FAILED TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, BUT MY NAME IS ELLERY QUEEN! IN THE MORNING WHEN THE PHONES ARE IN, I'LL CALL THE SHERIFF AND AND TURN THE KILLER OVER TO HIM! IT WILL BE USELESS FOR THE MURDERER TO TRY TO ESCAPE... I KNOW WHO HE IS!

ELLERY QUEEN COMICS

LATER, IN HIS ROOM, ELLERY ASSUMES A STRANGE POSITION...

THAT WAS A WHOLE OF A BLUFF I WORKED DOWNSTAIRS, BUT IT WAS ALSO AN OPEN INVITATION TO THE WEREWOLF TO PAY ME A VISIT.

SOMETIME LATER THE DOOR NOISELESSLY OPENS AND FEET PAD SOFTLY TOWARD THE BED...

I WAS RIGHT SO FAR... NOW IF I CAN MANAGE THIS LAST ACT, IT WILL SOON BE CURTAIN TIME FOR HIM!

AND JUST AS A BLOOD-CURLING HOWL RINGS OUT IN THE SILENT ROOM...

YOWWLLL... GO AHEAD AND GIVE YOUR WOLF-HOWL, MURDERER! THIS IS JUST ABOUT THE LAST HOWL FOR YOU!

HUH! PRETTY SMART, QUEEN! YOU GUESSED MY GAME, EH? BUT I'LL GET YOU...

NOT WITH THAT LUMBER-JACK'S PEAVY, MY FRIEND, THE WAY YOU TORE THE THROATS OUT OF YOUR UNCLE AND RALPH BARTON!

AGGGHH...

NOW WE'LL GET THAT MASK OFF AND HAVE A LOOK AT YOU! AS THOUGH I DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW.

SAM BARTON SURE ENOUGH! GOT TIRED OF WORKING IN LUMBER CAMPS FOR HIS UNCLE AND WANTED THE MONEY WHILE HE WAS STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO ENJOY IT!

AND LATER... SHE'S JUST A POOR RELATION, I THINK, A LITTLE TOUCHED IN THE HEAD, BUT HARMLESS! YOU SEE, SAM WORKED IN THE NORTH WOODS... KNEW HOW TO HOWL LIKE A TIMBER WOLF. HIS WEAPON WAS A SAWN OFF PEAVY, A LUMBERJACK'S TOOL. HIS COUSIN GOT SUSPICIOUS AND I CAME ALONG. I HAD A STRONG HUNCH WHEN I SAID I KNEW WHO THE KILLER WAS, BUT IT WORKED!

AND AT LONG LAST, THE SUN COMES UP...

WELL, THE SHERIFF HAS TAKEN OVER AND WE CAN TAKE OFF FOR NEW YORK.

WHAT A NIGHT! IF YOU EVER GET ME INTO ANYTHING LIKE THIS AGAIN, ELLERY QUEEN, I'LL GET MYSELF A NEW HEART-THROB!

THE END

WITNESS THIS EVIDENCE

ELLERY QUEEN



King of the **WHO-DUNNITS!** *is the*



THAT'S YOUR CLUE. NOW JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.
WE SUSPECT ONCE YOU'VE ABSORBED ONE COPY,
YOU'LL WANT **ELLERY QUEEN** BY THE CASE!!

FOR AN EXPERIENCE YOU WON'T FORGET AND A
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